



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

The Approximate Anatomy of a Freebooter



👁 16 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by bucky

Astrid leaps from the window with a wild laugh, landing with an audible thunk on the metal alloy of the invisible ship. She straightens up, grinning, and does a backflip off of the ship. She hits the ground running, careful to keep the vampire in her sights. She can't let it get away, not with a bounty of 50,000 solars.

She's enjoying this and it's obvious; the adrenaline rush of the chase always sends a thrill trickling down her spine. "I'm on its tail, but it's armed. Backup requested at Williamson and C'ared. I also need traffic blocked in the intersection with a fifty yard radius. It's alone, but it's crafty, and I don't want to risk citizen casualties."

"Beam, is this some kind of joke to you? Actually, you know what, don't even answer that. I'm en route now. Just--stop messing around, will you?"

"Sorry, Jake, couldn't help myself."

Astrid ducks to avoid a low-hanging beam and picks up speed. She needs to corner the vampire, and soon. "Tripwire, tripwire, tripwire," she mumbles, shoving a hand into the tool belt fastened at her waist. "Ah! Tripwire!"

She yanks the silver length of wire from one of the many pockets and flings it away from herself. A moment later, the vampire trips over the near-invisible wire, screaming in fury as it tumbles to the ground. Astrid slows down, brimming with unadulterated glee as she approaches the monster.

"Hey there, bloodsucker, how's it going?" vampire winks and a winning smile before whipping out a small dagger. "Your wrists don't chafe easily."

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

*

"Initiating descent now, Leah," Noah announces from the pilot's chair. "Everyone, brace yourselves, Lothea's atmosphere is pretty tricky to navigate a descent through."

"Copy that, Noah." Leah flicks a few switches on the control panel and buckles her seatbelt, the rest of the crew following suit.

The descent is rough, but Noah's made it a dozen times and they've all had to go through worse atmospheres than the one on Lothea. "We're through. Keep your seatbelts on, everyone, the landing will be a bit hard."

"Where are you aiming?" asks Dagny, fishing in xir pocket for a minute before pulling out a hand-drawn map of Lothea. "Berya's a great port city, we could land in the Alyeric Sea and dock there."

"Thank you, Dagny," Noah says, tapping in coordinates, and the ship dips to the left before leveling out. "Setting a course for Berya now. Everyone still in one piece back there?"

"That's debatable," says Janice, giving a weak double thumbs up from the very back.

"Are you feeling alright, Janice?" Peri asks.

"Don't like quick descents," Janice mumbles, the color draining from her face as the ship tilts downwards. "Too much turbulence."

Peri nods and takes her hand without a word, gripping it in both of their own. Maggie, sitting to the left of them, looks even more bored than usual, and has taken to tapping her foot nonstop for the past ten minutes.

"Three hundred yards away and prepping for landing," Noah says, pulling a lever and pressing a few buttons.

See more of Story Wars

Peri grabs a small bag from the back of the seat and hands it to Janice. "Here. Just in case."

Login

or

Create new account

"What's that bag for?" Maggie asks looking wary.

"It is a vomit bag," Peri says. Maggie grimaces and leans violently away from them and Janice, looking disgusted.

*

"Who are you?" the vampire asks. Astrid pauses in the middle of dragging it to its feet.

"I'm the law, sweetheart," she says, pouting when the vampire pretends toretch. "Okay, fine, that was corny. I'm actually a bounty hunter. Thought that was sort of obvious from the whole outfit and all."

"You look more....Slenov secret police," the vampire says.

"Nice guess, but I'm actually from Aclilia," Astrid says. "Besides, they'd never let me join the secret police. No non-humans allowed, remember?"

"You look human enough to me, although your grip could certainly be loosened," the vampire says, wincing.

"Not human enough--cybernetic arm. The tech for it originated on Debos, so to them that means I'm a non-human, not to mention the whole pink skin and freaky ass symbols on my hands and feet thing," Astrid says, and lets out a sarcastic cheer. "I don't mind much, though. Slenovs are boring as fuck, they'd never let me do anything."

"Meaning what, exactly?"

Astrid narrows her eyes. "Never you mind. Anyway, I'd better get you to back to Ekblad before he pitches a fit about deadlines. Handcuffs secure?"

The vampire gives her a sheepish smile. "Uto!" It says and raises its hand, which had been from the handcuffs, now broken at its joint. Astrid lets out an exasperated sigh and says, "Not this again," before the vampire lets out a full fool shorter than her.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

*

"This is gonna be a quick in and out supply run," says Leah. "Maggie, Noah, Charlie, you guys find the marketplace and buy whatever we need--Charlie should have the list--while I make the deal. We all meet up here after. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mother," Maggie mutters, clearly irritated about the lack of action involved.

Leah glares at her. "Good. Noah, can you please keep an eye on them?"

"What about the rest of us?" asks Janice, who looks less sick now that she's on solid (well, more so than air) ground.

"Ideally, I'd like for you all to stay on the ship, but I know that won't happen, and frankly, it'll be good to be able to stretch your legs some, so you can wander around the port if you want. Please at least try to stay near the ship, though."

"Excellent!" Dagny says, clapping xir hands together in xir excitement and accidentally causing pansies to grow out of the metal floor. "Whoops," xe says, looking sheepish. Leah opens her mouth before deciding that really, it's best to not question it, and closing it again.

"Okay," she says instead. "Let's head out, guys."

"We should go look at some shops," Dagny says, after the others have gone. "I wonder if there are any plant merchants."

"I love you, but that sounds incredibly boring," says Janice. "Besides, you can grow your own plants with your powers."

"Well, yes, but it feels more authentic this way," Dagny says, a little dreamily. Janice shakes her head.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"I'll take your word for it," Leah says. "Do you want to find plant merchants?"

Peri frowns. "Not really," they say. "I apologize, Dagny."

"No worries," Dagny says, smiling. "Leon?"

"I'm gonna have to side with Grandpa," Leon says. "As wicked as learning about plants is, it's not exactly the most stimulating of activities. Why don't we hit up a bar, get something to drink? They probably have non-alcoholic stuff for Gramps."

"I'm down," says Janice. Peri nods after a minute, frowning over Leon's nickname for them.

"A bar it is, then," Dagny says, and touches xir head, causing a crown of bright blue chrysanthemums to sprout.

"There should be at least one near here. Port cities tend to have a lot of bars to accommodate for the sailors and all," Janice says. "Does anyone have their PorTablet? I left mine onboard."

"Yeah, hang on a second," Leon says, fishing around in his pockets for the small tablet. He selects the hovermap and drags it into the air, studying it closely. "Dagny, you're good with maps. Where should we go?"

Dagny obliges, inspecting the translucent blue map closely. "We're here now," xe says, prodding a small section of the map to zoom in. "Map, please show the locations of taverns and bars in Berya."

"Looks like there's one a block away that serves non-alcoholic beverages, along with the usual stuff," Janice says. "Sound good? Let's head out."

*

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

"Jesus Christ, there are more of you?" Astrid complains. "Why are there always crews? Do you fucking grow on trees?"

"Do you have any idea how pirates work? Literally the whole point is that there's a crew. You need a lot of people to steer the ship, space or sea. Anyway, I'm not here about that. Leah wants to talk to you. Are you really a bounty hunter? Do you get a lot of money that way? It sounds really cool, but you're not that scary. Have you ever commandeered a ship?"

"Fucking pirates," Astrid says again, louder this time. "Who's Leah?"

The mystery someone snickers. "She didn't tell you her name? Vampires, dude, I'm telling you. Wicked powers, atrocious manners."

"Why does hot rude vampire want to talk to me?" Astrid asks.

"Hell if I know. I'm going to have to use a spell on you to make sure you can't escape, though, but it shouldn't cause discomfort. Can you stand really still for a minute?" The person steps forward, and Astrid is able to make out their face.

"Sure, why not." Astrid straightens her back, feeling a cold sensation spreading over her for a minute. "Done?" she asks after it finishes, and shivers. The person nods and smiles broadly, revealing sharp, protruding canines.

"Yep! I'm going to open the cell door now. You're going to have to walk in front of me on the way to Leah's office, but I'll direct you so you're not just stumbling around."

"Sounds fun," Astrid says.

"I'm Charlie, by the way," the person says, unlocking the cell door and standing aside to let Astrid pass.

"Astrid. I'd say it's nice to meet you, but, y'know--" Astrid gestures towards the cell.

"No worries. The main hallway is right up these stairs and from there we're going to turn left, walk past five doors and take a right turn."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Astrid gives Charlie a thumbs up. Charlie gives her a thumbs up back, then turns wide and extends a good way in either direction. When they reach Leah's office, Charlie gives her a swift smile.

"In you go, bounty hunter. I promise she doesn't bite--usually."

"What does that--" Astrid says, but she's cut off by the door opening. Charlie motions for her to enter, looking amused.

The door shuts behind them with an audible click and Astrid swallows, suddenly nervous.

"It took you long enough," says Leah, from behind the large mahogany desk that dominates the room. She swivels her chair around to face Astrid and Charlie, somehow making the motion look threatening. "Hi, bounty hunter. How's the cell?"

"Bit cramped, to tell you the truth," says Astrid.

"Charlie, would you mind leaving me and the prisoner alone for a little while? Thanks," Leah says, her bright smile not quite reaching her eyes.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#) [Rooms](#) [Feedback](#)



